

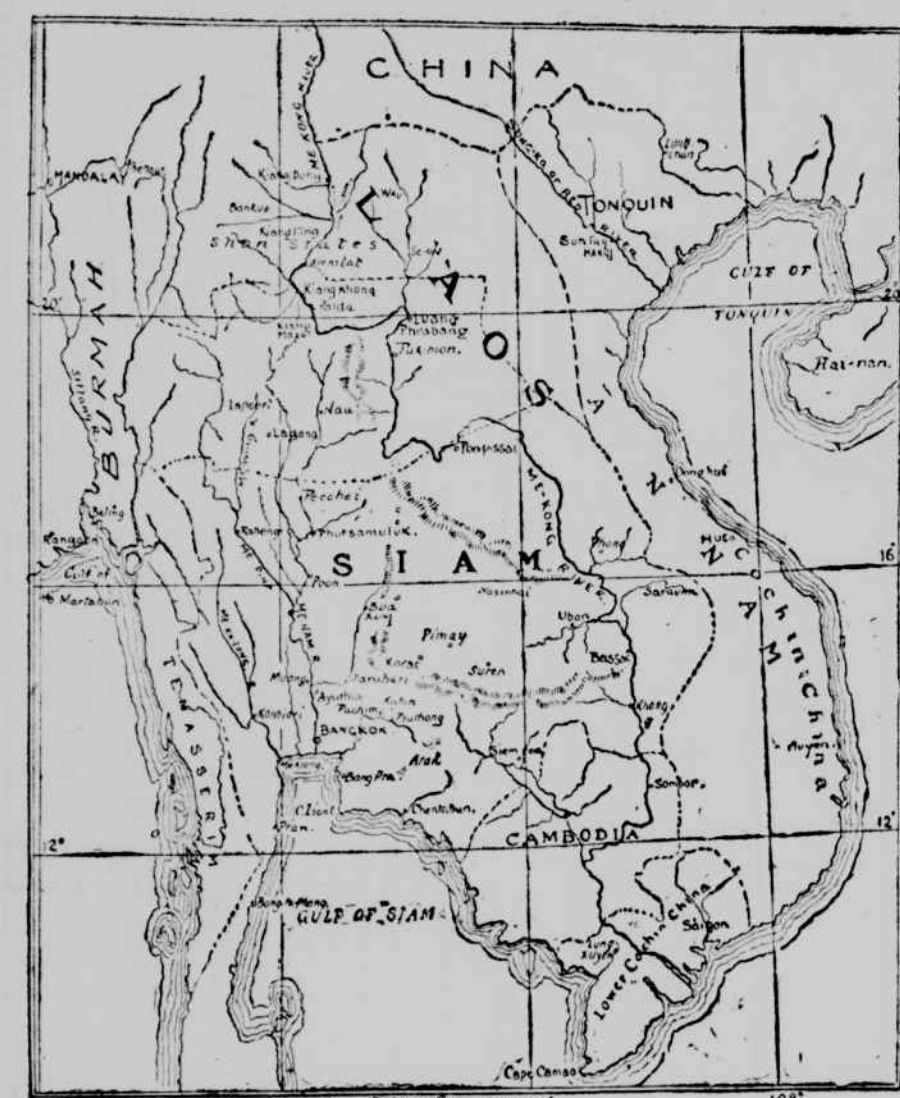
## THE FATE OF SIAM.

## FEUDS OF OLD TIMES STILL TROUBLESOME.

## THE TRIBESMEN OF LAOS-SIAM AND THE "GREAT MONARCH"—MILITARY AND NAVAL STRENGTH OF THE EASTERN KINGDOM.

"In the mean time very certain news came to the King of Siam that the King of Chiammay, allied with the Timocouhos, Laos and Gueos, people which on the northeast hold the most part of that country above Camper and Passio, and are all sovereigns, exceeding rich and mighty in estates, had laid siege to the town of Quiterain, with the death of above thirty thousand men, and of Ova Camper, Governor and Lieutenant-General of all that frontier."

Thus far that reliable adventurer, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese, from whose "Perigrinacao," says Professor Arminius Vambery, "we may derive much that is instructive and interesting." We may assuredly derive this, at any rate: That a good three centuries and a half ago the tribes of Laos and of the upper Mekong Valley were a thorn in the side of the King of Siam. It was further credit him—and why not? though Congress dubbed him a type of a liar of the first magnitude.



MAP OF SIAM AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

itude—the King of Siam marched vigorously against the Laotian marauders and crushed them with a mighty hand; and then returned to meet the fate of Agamemnon, to the great sorrow of his people. "A mighty pile," says the Portuguese, "was forthwith erected, made of sandal, aloes, calambas and benjamin, on which the body of the deceased King being laid, fire was put to it, with a strange ceremony; during all the time that the body was a-burning, the people did nothing but wail and lament beyond expression. . . . After a time the Queen and her paramour were slain, at a great banquet, by Ova Passio, King of Cambodia, and Siam was thus left without a ruler, until, fearing anarchy, the nobles elected one Pre-



TYPES OF LAOTIANS.

them; a priest, to be King. Then the King of Bramah, deeming it an easy task to overthrow a priest King, invaded the land and sought to arrogate to himself the exalted title of Lord of the White Elephant. He marched with eight hundred thousand men, five thousand elephants, and a thousand pieces of cannon, drawn by buffaloes and rhinoceroses. With this stupendous force, the monster roll of which calls to mind Firdusi's pictures of Rustem's war and the avenging armies of Kai Khosrau, he laid siege to the capital city of Siam. Then followed innumerable and inconceivably desperate assaults and repulses, and such fury and destruction as only truth or an altogether matchless liar could relate. And in the end the King of Bramah was slain to raise the siege and retreat to his own land; and the Kingdom of Siam once more had peace.

Such, however, was the perversity of the tribes in the upper valley of the Me Kong that no lasting peace was to be had. Again and again the chiefs of Laos and their allies made trouble, and again and again were subdued by the King of Siam. Most notable of all these conflicts was that in 1828, in the reign of Chao Prasat Thong. That



LAOTIAN PAGODA.

monarch ravaged all Laos, and put the head chief of it to death with marvellous refinements of lingering torture. Thereafter it was agreed that whoever bore sway in Laos must do so under the approval of the King of Siam.

Now many things have come to pass between the days of Mendez Pinto and these times, and vast changes have been made throughout all Indo-China. England has taken Burma for a colonial empire; and France has set up an empire in Tonquin, with sovereignty over Anam and Cambodia. The case today is therefore this: That Siam alone maintains its old identity, in the turbulent tribes of Laos still a thorn in the side of the French as well, and stirred them up to action in the Me Kong Valley, with a determination, since Siam in four centuries has failed to do so, now to subdue for all time these people who are, or were, "all sovereigns, exceeding rich and mighty in estates."

The immediate provocation of the present move-

ment has repeatedly been set forth, in cable dispatches and otherwise. But it was a mere pretext. At the moment, now many years ago, when France began the work of colonial expansion in Tonquin and adjacent parts, at that moment was the present campaign against Siam begun, in intent it was not in fact. The scheme then was to absorb, in one way or another, all doubtful or disputed territory in Indo-China, and to bring the boundaries of the French colonies to march with the boundaries of Siam, and of Siam in the narrowest sense. There would be just enough of the latter left to serve as a buffer between France and England, as Afghanistan serves elsewhere between Russia and England.

"The basin of the Semoi, which is a portion of the Me Kong basin, is separated from the basin of the Meimam, which represents Siam, properly so called, by a mountainous and desert region. This region constitutes a natural and scientific frontier between the basin of the Me Kong and the basin of the Meimam. This mountainous frontier should be looked upon by France as the natural limit of her Indo-Chinese empire in the direction of Siam."

Thus wrote M. J. L. de Lanessan, Governor of the French possessions in Indo-China, seven years ago. His scheme simply contemplated the confiscation of half of Siam. It was as though New-York should say the Connecticut River forms a

limit of his realm, absolutely alone and unguarded, with perfect safety. There is not a hand in all the kingdom that would be turned against him. Nor does any one think of asking him to change the form of government in any respect. The people are too faithful worshippers of the god of things as they are. Beside that, they are a courteous folk, and assuredly it would be "bad form" to suggest to their monarch that everything is not just as right as right can be. Undoubtedly the King would be very glad to make various reforms if he were asked to do so, or if the need of



IN THE OLD CAPITAL OF LAOS.

them were brought to his attention. But no one will perform this service for him, and so he can only make changes when he finds out by personal investigation that they are needed. He makes such investigations whenever he can. But it is impossible for one man to acquaint himself with everything that is going on and find out everything that is needed by the people. His Majesty has on many occasions of late followed the time-honored example of the Caliph of Bagdad, and has wandered about the streets of the city, by night and by day, disguised now and then as an ordinary citizen and now and then as a workman, making observations and taking notes. In this work he has met with many curious experiences and has learned much of the life and the actual needs of his people, and as a result some really important reforms have been instituted. There are those who charge him with insincerity, or who say that he is merely playing at civilization as a child would play with an amusing toy. But to those who are best informed it seems certain that he is thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to improve the condition of his kingdom, always, of course, provided there be a kingdom left to him.

He has, for example, tried to deal with the question of slavery, but even his autocracy has proved unequal to the task. Slavery exists there, says a recent writer, not as slavery, pure and simple, but as a result of the laws in relation to debt. A creditor can at any time seize his debtor and, if the latter cannot discharge his obligations in full and at once, make him a slave and keep him in chains for the rest of his life, or until his relatives or friends pay his debts for him. The enslaved debtor himself cannot pay the debt, in no case does his labor more than pay the interest on them. No matter how long or how faithfully he works for his master, he cannot discharge a fraction of the principal. In case a debtor absconds, his master's relatives may be seized and enslaved in his stead. The slaves are invariably treated with kindness, and no objection can be made to the system on the score of cruelty. No one ever hears of a slave being overworked, and it often happens that a master, finding some of his debtor slaves to be so lazy that they are not worth keeping, instead of flogging them and forcing them to work harder, simply gives them their freedom again. The remedy for this, however, is not to be found in the laws, but in the fact that a very large proportion of the population are perfectly willing to be enslaved. Men run into debt recklessly and



A VILLAGE OF LAOS.

make no effort to pay off their indebtedness, but are entirely willing to be seized and enslaved. The great evil of this system is, therefore, in the fact that it encourages idleness and improvidence and so demoralizes the industrial life of the nation. The remedy for it will be found in the growth of foreign enterprises. European settlements there have Chinese and Malay laborers, who are better workers than the indolent Siamese. It will, therefore, be found that free labor is actually cheaper and more effective than slave labor, and the latter will give place to the former. Practically, there is war between France and Siam. How far the Republic will push it remains



M. ROLLIN-JACQUEMIN, MINISTER AND COUNSELOR TO THE KING OF SIAM.

to be seen. That any other power will interfere is not to be expected, and in the absence of such interference Siam can make little resistance. A few French gunboats and half a dozen regiments will quickly do what the King of Bramah and his eight hundred thousand men failed to do. France has now some fifty warships in those waters, none of them very formidable, but quite ample to deal with the insignificant navy of Siam. The French commander is Rear-Admiral Edgar Hanau, and his flagship is the Triomphante. This is a single screw armored cruiser of 4,170 tons, carrying six nine-inch and seven smaller guns. Then there are the Animatee, a transport; the Forfait, a wooden cruiser; the Inconstant, a single-screw wooden dispatch vessel; the Alouette, a slow paddle dispatch-boat, built of wood; the Lutin, Comete and Lion, single-screw composite gunboats; the Jaquelin and Marlin, paddle gunboats; the Arapahoe, Carondelet, Cimierre, Estoc and Math.

Against these, what has Siam to present? The Siam possesses one protected cruiser, the Mila Chakrai, which has been designed to serve also as a royal yacht, and which, with a displacement of 2,400 tons, carries four 4.7-inch and eight 6-

pounder quick-firing and fifteen machine guns; but this vessel constitutes the whole of its serious strength. In addition there are two wooden corvettes, each of about 900 tons, and each carrying eight guns; and the gunboats Apollo, 450; Gladys, 420; Coronation, 285; Flora Tabong, 160; and Rukit Linga, 100 tons, together with the small dispatch vessel Mahar Rajkumari, and the yachts Ubon Rakit, 453; Vesutri, 267, and Nidai Rajahit, 50 tons. These are practically the only government craft which could be employed in defensive operations. Nor are the land forces particularly formidable. The standing army numbers only about 12,000 men, though of course the whole of the male population is liable to be called out in case



WHERE GRANT ONCE LIVED.

THE LOG HOUSE HE BUILT IN MISSOURI.

St. Louis, July 20.—On July 23, 1885, eight years ago, at Mount McGregor, the spirit of General U. S. Grant peacefully took its flight. It is doubtful whether, in all the history of his life, filled with so many triumphs of what men call fortune, there was any period which he more fully characterized as marked by such great personal good fortune as that which he spent in the neighborhood of St. Louis, years before his name was known to the world, of this period his life was ever been sad in the history. Here he was first assigned to duty after graduating at West Point. It was here he first met and here that he married Julia Dent; here he lived for six years in the very prime of his life; here he built his first home; here several of his children were born.

There are still a considerable number of persons living in the neighborhood of the old Dent farm who lived there when Grant did, and who knew him well. The house which he built is still there, an object of pride, not to say veneration, among the residents. The writer of this visited the locality yesterday, took a snap shot at the old house, and talked with several of the aforementioned old residents. The house is simply an old-fashioned log cabin. An enterprising real estate dealer has moved up to the railroad at old Orchard, a station eight miles from St. Louis, on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, where he resides. Two years ago negotiations were made having in view its removal to Chicago, to be exhibited there during the World's Fair. An Eastern insurance company has sent out in some of its advertising matter a statement that the log cabin is actually at the Fair. This Mr. Joy, the present owner of the cabin, looks upon as a libel on his enterprise that would be actionable at law.

The logs for the cabin were cut and hewed by Grant with his own hands during the summer of 1854. In the fall, when he had succeeded in getting the timber in readiness, a day was set for the "house-raising." The undertaking was conducted in true pioneer style, the neighbors, who had already begun to take an interest in the plucky young man, flocking to his assistance. This raising, although little significance was attached to it at the time beyond the equal interest in the exhibition of physical strength on such occasions, is now regarded by those who participated in it with no little pride.

At these log house raisings the men who had the greatest mechanical skill were stationed at the corners. These positions were, therefore, considered as posts of honor. Two of the men who held these positions at the raising of the Grant cabin are still living in this vicinity. One of them, John Parie, is now eighty-one years old; the other, Asa Tesson, is sixty-eight. Both are well-to-do farmers. The former shown in the picture of the cabin accompanying this correspondence is the one which was "carried up" by Grant himself.

The cabin is in a remarkably good state of preservation. It is not very different from the ordinary pioneer habitation, except that it is a little better and a little larger, being 48 feet in length and 18 feet in width. It contains four rooms, two below and two above stairs, each room being 15 feet in dimensions. Through the middle of the house from side to side is a hall 8 feet in width, and containing the stairway. The two lower rooms each have a large fireplace at the end opposite the hall, and each is lighted by two large windows reaching from within one foot of the ceiling nearly to the floor.

Grant was never a favorite with his father-in-law, and during the war came to be heartily disliked by him. For old Major Dent was a radical Southerner. Charles C. Cannon, who now lives at Webster Groves, one mile from old Orchard, was one of Grant's most intimate friends from 1857 to 1870. He said yesterday that he met Major Dent in St. Louis one year after Grant had begun to win fame in the war, and asked him what he thought of the "Captain" now.

"He's a worthless scoundrel," said the Major, "he added, after a moment's pause, 'if he was only on the right side he'd be the best officer in the war.' The house on which Grant built his cabin comprised sixty acres, which adjoined Dent's estate of about 1,000 acres, and was Major Dent's wedding present to his daughter. Having given his daughter this



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Is the Greatest of helps.

With least trouble and labor it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing, assuredly digestible and wholesome.

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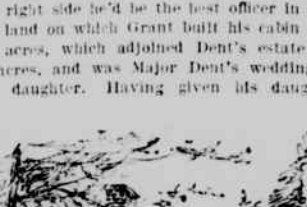
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property, he left her and her husband to make a home on it as best they could. Willis Wells, now nearly eighty years old, who lives on the farm, said yesterday that Grant used to come to the farm with the negroes, and that he was very much interested in them when he rode out among the men on his pony. It is evident, however, that Wells has never yet become a great master of the horse. He belonged to a little debating club down here, and all he could ever do was to get into a row with the negroes. He was a brother, though, could debate with any of 'em. They were enough still smarter than he ever was. Grant was an overland man. General Buell was a smarter man than Grant. Buell used to own forty acres right over here, just across one forty from Grant's. I know 'em both."



GENERAL GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

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CHILDREN'S LULLABIES.

A PHILOSOPHER DISCOURSES ON THE DEGENERACY OF SONG.

"The degeneracy of the present age," said Mr. Goodhead softly, "is to my mind no better exemplified than in the songs sung to the children. Now, when I was a young man, such melodies as 'Sweet Home,' 'Where the Lilacs Bloom,' 'We Will Gather by the River' and 'Hushabye Baby in the Tree-top,' were considered to be the proper lullabies. You can imagine my surprise, my dear sir, when, in course of a little outing, I heard some of the songs which are used nowadays to superinduce a feeling of sleepfulness in the young. I was walking in one of the parks when I heard a young mother crooning to her infant child. The strains seemed strangely at variance with the low, sweet and dreamlike notes of the conventional lullaby, and I drew nearer. Sir, you have never had occasion before to question my veracity, and I trust in this case that I shall not overtax your powers of belief."

"As I am standing here, sir, that young woman, with the brood of a Madonna and a complexion that would have held the admiration of a Titan, was singing to that child a popular song from a trifling burlesque which has been running for the last two years. It was a maddest song of the day."

"Then the young woman sang of a diminutive person named William, who had been so deeply steeped in the bath that he had never been seen since. I hurried from the scene were the notes of a weird song made popular in this country by an English comedian. It is too wonder, sir, that the young generation are so prematurely old when at an early period their brain fibers are infiltrated by the vicious tendencies of a degenerate age."

A LITERARY PRODIGY IN CHINA.

From the London Daily News.

The marvellous child mentioned in the Chinese classics who, at four years of age, was able to recite the verses of the Tang poetry as well as the Archaic book of Odes, has been eclipsed by an infant prodigy of the same age, who has presented himself at the recent Licentiate examination in Hong Kong as a candidate for literary honors. The Panya Chiehsien personally examined this tiny candidate, and found that the child could write a concise essay on the subject that had been given him, although, of course, in an infantile script. It is observed by a local commentator that it now remains only for the Literary Chancellor to pass the prodigy, who he can be styled as "having entered the portals of the Dragon's gate," that is, obtained the degree of "sin-fu" or Licentiate.

## GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

## SAD STORY OF THE BRILLIANT NOVELIST—THE GODSON AND PUPIL OF FLAUBERT.

Paris, July 9.

The death of Guy de Maupassant from general paralysis was long looked forward to by the doctor, Meurior, under whose care he was for eighteen months at the Hanché private asylum. The unfortunate litterateur had found a robe of Nessus in the mantle of Don Juan, which he so often wore after his name became a fetching one in the book market. He may have had gleams of consciousness of his state, but with incapacity to express them in words. All that could be known of his state of mind, Doctor Meurior informs me, was that he was subject to hallucinations. Some which were the least durable were sunny. Thus he thought that friends visited him in the shape of beautifully colored butterflies, which he tried to catch, and that enemies came to him as bats, vampires, crows, and when he fancied himself in water, ravenous fishes, which he had seen in the Mediterranean. Latterly he looked as one attacked with rabies. The eye started, the under jaw hung open, the mouth salivated and the hair, which had lost its curliness and its bright auburn hue, was harsh, dark, scant and wiry, and stood on end. He had convulsions like those of an epileptic. They began on March 25, and became more frequent as the end approached. Strength ebbed from limbs and organs between the fits. Sometimes the eyes seemed turned back in his head, and the under jaw had a chopping action. He uttered after the crises had been passed long drawn sighs and tried to stand or to sit up in his bed. Death could only be a happy release.

Dr. Meurior has ascertained that the illness began in 1885 at Etretat. In 1889 a decided change came over him. He was so hearty and open-minded and good humored, became peevish, not to say snappish, and impatient of contradiction. He thought that his body became a salt factory. From being a good listener he grew talkative and kept harping on one subject, which was sure to be a disagreeable one. To get away from the sight of the Eiffel Tower, which got on his nerves and exasperated him, he hired a villa on the Seine side near Trilport. Then he hoped to restore lost tone by boating; a kind of exercise in which he excelled, and in which as a schoolboy at Rouen he indulged on his Thursday half-holidays and on Sundays. But the villa being damp, he locked it up and set out for Cannes, where his next little yacht Bel Ami lay at anchor. His intention was to make a trip to Innis and then coast along North Africa to the Levant and on through the Archipelago to Sicily and back to the Riviera. But he forgot his purpose. He used to speak at Cannes of writing a series of long novels and short stories, counting them, as he spoke, on his fingers; and then he would talk of being sick of producing "copy" to make money, and wanting to give the whole thing up to go and live in Turkey as a Turk. He cared for nothing, not even for sensations, and would try hashish. This he did do, after resorting to cantharides and other stimulants. There of course hastened the break up of the nervous system. His horror at his intellectual downfall led to his attempted suicide. The complete execution of this plan his man Francis prevented. He was becoming bulky before the neuritis made itself manifest, and then rapidly lost weight. The digestive organs suffered from the first, and he who used to eat with such a hearty appetite—so hearty that he needed no alcoholic stimulant, and never took any—began to feel a disgust for food. This symptom grew permanent, and led in the madhouse to an artificial and forcible mode of nutrition being resorted to. Toward the end he was the most skin and bone. The atrophied muscles seemed to have melted away.

Guy de Maupassant was the godson of Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary." He was always treated with paternal tenderness by that novelist, whom he resembled both physically and mentally. Born at Fecamp, the son of a Norman squire, in the lovely valley of Valmont, who since abandoned the business of cultivating flower gardens at Nice, De Maupassant was educated at Rouen.

As a writer De Maupassant attained his grandfather's standard of perfection in matter and in manner. The style was of classic strength, ease, simplicity, clearness and beauty. No striking effects were aimed at, and there was hardly a phrase that did not strike. He was natural without vulgarity, and looked for beauty to clearness and life, eschewing every kind of ornament, and avoiding instinctively what was far fetched and eccentric. He had the power to rivet the attention of the reader from the first to the last phrase, whether of a one-volume novel or short story. There was something akin to De Maupassant's descriptions in the sketch books written by Thackeray before he posed as a moralist, and most of all in "From Cornhill to Cairo." Bret Harte was nearer still in "Mt. St. Helens," "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." But there was no uncertainty or inequality in De Maupassant. I am not sure that he wrote with the extreme ease which is one of the characteristics of his works. I often saw him after a bout of work, and noticed that he was fagged and had drawn deeply on his nervous resources. From this I concluded strenuous efforts. The breath of life that fills every one of his literary achievements save "Le Horla" and a novel published in "Le Figaro" was thrown into them at the cost of the author. He imagined that vigorous open-air exercise would enable him to recoup. It was simply burning the candle at both ends. Country and seafaring tastes were stronger in him than that for literary art. He was sanguine, needed oxygen and ozone in great quantities and suffered from a confined life in town.

Guy de Maupassant owed much of his literary excellence to the foster-motherhood of the State. Obtaining on leaving school a clerkship in the Marine Ministry, he was relieved from the duty which, being born on the Norman coast, would have otherwise devolved on him of serving his country in a deckward or on board a man-of-war. As it turns out, it would have been happier for him if he had had to enter life as a blue jacket. The discipline would have been healthier for one who at bottom was a weakling, than life in Paris. His office hours were 10 to 4, out of which an hour and a half was allowed for luncheon. The pay was not high, but there was no work to do, and it was to free him from the necessity of wasting his powers in mere money-making "copy." He worked sedulously as a versifier and in writing tragedies in Alexandrines. Few of his poems came to anything, but he first took the literary world by one entitled "On the Riverbank," or "Au Bord de l'Eau," written in the feeling of Shakespeare's sonnets and in glorification of the sensuous enjoyment which nature affords to all living creatures. It was published in the review of Catulle Mendès, the husband of Judith Gautier.

Flaubert let Guy worship the muse of tragic poetry until he thought he had got out of her temple all that it could give, and then urged him to write works of fiction in small compass to escape from the temptation of being worthy. He was a severe critic of prose that of poetry. Truss not having the same perfection of Greek sculpture, required the perfection of Greek sculpture, it should be winned, have a strong impetus and go home rapidly to the mind. There was no better medium for poetic thought than a good prose—prose in truth. Flaubert was never satisfied with any story of Guy de Maupassant until, thirteen or fourteen years ago, the manuscript of "Boule de Suif" or "Suet Dampierre" was shown to him. The little tale is a good piece of feeling of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," but quite original and inspired by an incident which the author witnessed during the invasion of 1870. It abounds in humorous touches. "Shades of pathos sweep over it as the shadows of clouds pass over a meadow in the sunny summer days. Observation is keen, insight deep and human interest abounds. De Maupassant must, before the shadow of lunacy settled on him, have earned about 60,000 francs a year with his pen. The royalties of his works would have been worth a good deal. Those of "Mouette," adapted for the stage, were considerable. They got his niece, in the middle of lunacy, eventually to his niece. In "Pierre et Jean" he gave a wrapped up account of his own life and origin.

E. C.